Numb. 12.

The Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

Sum Canna Vocalis.

From *Monday Auguſt* 1. to *Wedneſday Auguſt* 3.

THE Inhabitants of *S——k* are a ſort of People, under the Denomination of Rich. and Sawcy; and being chiefly *Mechanicks*, want even the Affectation of Politeneſs, which gives Tradeſmen in other places a kind of regular *Decorum*; ſo that their leiſure Hours are employ'd in *Junketing*, and *Tittle-tattle*, which brings a number of 'em together, and their Diſcourſe tending chiefly to detract their Neighbours, which ſome one of the Company is ſure to report, they are always in a kind of Civil War. Amongſt an infinite of theſe un-lick'd Purſe-proud Animals, is a *Goſſiping Parſon*, whoſe Function is to ſpeak Peace, interpoſe between *Antagoniſts*, and create a good Harmony, not only in his own Pariſh, but wherever he thinks his Counſel may be of Service; but this Mr. *Smirk*, with a ſpruce Bob, and a diminutive Band, is the moſt gadding, fidgeting rattle Basket in Town; he's a Perſon that has Buſineſs every where, at St *James's* he's tripping thro the *Park*, at *Doctors-Commons* he has a Tryal, at *Jonathan's* he's Stock-jobbing, and at *Rotherhithe*, you meet him going aboard a Ship; and were you to take a Voyage to the *Indies*, he'd have Buſineſs at *Fort St. George*, But *S——k* being the Metropolis of his Affairs, we muſt a little confine him to that Circle: He gives a daily Viſitation to every Houſe there, and where he finds an uncover'd Table, They are immoral kind of People, and he has done with 'em. Not a Story in the Pariſh eſcapes him; Mrs. *Go-lightly* is to great with her Husband's Prentice; Mrs *Gliſſen* goes too fine, he wiſhes they hold it; Mrs. *Pam* is eternally at Cards; and Mrs. *Gape-ſeed* is always ſtanding at the Door. As the vulgar ſort generally make noiſy Chriſtenings, the Smock-fac'd Mr. *Smirk* is at all of 'em, where he fills his Common-place Book with idle Tales, that never wanted Addition from his fertile Brain, and his Clack out-runs forty good Women when they are half bowzy; at Church he minds Peoples Cloaths, Geſtures, and the improper Places they ſeat themſelves in, and after Sermon, the whole Pariſh have a Hiſtory of one another; he's here, and there, and every where, almoſt at the ſame time; a true Goſſip for good Cheer, and there's not a Veniſon Paſty within the Bills of Mortality, but the quick-ſcented Mr. *Smirk* ſmells it out. Wou'd he not vex People, we'd only laugh at his Goſſiping; but when any Man by petty Tale-bearing, creates needleſs Jarrs, Quiet Families will gladly excuſe his Viſits. I have always had ſo great Veneration for the Clergy, as hardly to ſuppoſe they had any Frailties; but having promis'd impartially to touch upon every thing that's ridiculous, I hope, the Learned of our Church will think I have handled this Matter with all the Tenderneſs imaginable. Divines are ſtill Men, and muſt have Infirmities becauſe they are Men, and tho the Nation flouriſhes under a wonderful Set of Teachers, yet every Divine cant attain the Chaarcter Mr. *Dryden* has drawn in his admirable *Tale*, call'd the *Very good Parſon*.

Letters from *Richmond* give us an Adventure ridiculous in every part of it, That a Gentleman of very excellent Qualifications, but particularly famous for *Horn-Blowing*, and a very expert Genius in drawing udon Callicoe for the Ladies wear; had the fortune, or rather misfortune, to be deſperately wounded by a new married Ledy near that place, who was unparallel'd in *Morrice-Dancing*; he made his Addreſſes in ſo paſſionate a Strain, that ſhe was not wholly inſenſible of his Flame, and they carry'd on their Intrigue for ſeveral Months; but the Lady proud of her Gallant, not uſing a Caution neceſſary for a real Affair, appear'd ſo often with him at the Wells, where they whiſper'd together, laugh'd together, and ſhe giving him the Liberty of playing with her Hand, and ſnatching a Kiſs from her on the publick Walks, buſy Tongues began to run; and an envious Lady, almoſt diſtracted for an humble Servant her ſelf, hinted to her Husband, that ſhe believ'd in Conſcience, if ſhe might judge of other Women by her ſelf, that his Wife was a very virtuous good Lady, but——ſhe had obſerv'd, tho' ſhe abominated making Miſchief, that ſuch a Gentleman----but Fellows indeed are very impudent, had-----offer'd Cherries, which a Lady might very innocently eat,----but---ſome Ladies had laid their Heads together; however----'twas a cenſorious World, and ſhe was never of a Temper to pry into other Peoples Concerns.----The Husband willing to be thoroughly ſatisfy'd in the matter, counterfeits her Lover's Hand, who had lately left her; ſends her a few Amorous Lines, and receiving the moſt endearing Anſwer Love cou'd indite; immediately he repairs to her Lover, taxes him with the matter, and being in a Paſſion ſuitable to the Injury he had receiv'd; The Gentleman had not Preſence of Mind to evade it, and was ſo far confounded, that he not only deliver'd up all the Love Epiſtles he had receiv'd from the Lady, but gave Bond for 200 *l.* never to keep her Company more. The matter ought prudently to have ended here, but the Husband, inſtead of concealing his Shame, publiſhed it, by ſhowing his Wife's Letters whereever he came.

As to the Lady, if it were her only Intrigue, I pity her Misfortune, and wiſh it may truly reform her; but the Gentleman's Actions were ſcandalouſly Baſe, firſt to ſeduce a young Lady, and then by confeſſing it to her Husband, expoſe her to his Fury; and for the Husband, his Horns ought to be exalted above his Neighbour's.

Laſt

Last week an extraordinary piece of Mortality came to the Printer of this Paper; her Attire, which was painted Callico, Limon colour'd Knots, Patches beyond Arithmetick, and her Scarf a meer Cobweb furbelow'd with Butterflies, suppos'd her to be fifteen; but her Face discover'd seventy. Her Equipage was suitable to her Appearance, for she had a hundred Boys after her, and the Lowdness of her Talk alarmed the gaping Neighbourhood. She had a Story which Mrs. *Crackenthorpe* must needs insert or she'd take it very ill, *viz.* That a young Lady of her Acquaintance took too much notice of the Men, which made the Men take a great deal of notice of her, and what might be the Issue of the matter she could not tell---That tho her Relations and Friends had advised her not to be civil to any Man, yet she paid more Respect to a handsome young Fellow, than to her Mother who bore her into the World---That she had a great deal more to say of her, and desir'd the Printer to write it down; who told her the Story ought to be a little digested; that no body was so capable of penning it as her self; and Mrs. *Crackenthorpe* was too well bred to disoblige one of her Figure. Her Ladyship return'd three times before this important Affair could be settled, at last she resolv'd to put pen to paper; and said the young Ladies Name she must by all means conceal, and therefore he must ask her no Questions about it, for it must not be known for the World; however, that the Lady her self might know who was meant by the Story, she was resolved to put the first and last Letters of her Name with a dash; but, because she was no Mistress of Spelling, desired him to tell her the beginning and ending Letters of the Name *Crisp*. For which being laugh'd at by her rude Attendants, Mrs *Crackenthorpe* has lost the Story; for Madam told him in a very great Huff, That there was a *Third Tatler* coming out, and truly she'd carry her Intelligence to them; so tuckt up her Tail, and march'd off.

People little think that an impertinent Satyr upon others is a severe Libel upon themselves.

*** *Last week a Gentleman-Beggar came to Mrs.* Crackenthorpe*'s pretending he was related to her, his Mothers Name being* Crackenthorpe, *and desir'd her Charity; but she not thinking him a proper Object, gave him a Civil Denial; upon which the Fellow presents a Pistol at her, and* Francis *interposing had like to have been shot; but the Cookmaid running in, who had been in love with* Francis *three years, they got the Pistol from him, and* Elizabeth *and he thrash'd him severely. Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *has since been informed that he has visited most Families in Town, and desires to speak with People privately, pretending his Mother was of every Ladies Name; and when he's refus'd Mony out comes the Pistol: She therefore desires those who have as yet escaped his impudent Visits, to be cautious in trusting themselves alone with such Strangers.*

††† *Complaints are made that the* Linen-Drapers *of* Cheapside *and* Cornhill *daily set up for Wits, damn Plays before they are Acted, cry down Books before they are published, and take Towns before they are besieged; they'd be very much surpriz'd to hear a Gentleman at* Will*'s talk of Bag-Hollands and Sheer-Muslins. Books and Bengals are very inconsistent; and whatever* Linen Draper *would get an Aldermans Estate must publickly declare he has no Wit. Mrs* Crackenthorpe *likewise thinks it as ridiculous for Tradesmen, who dont pretend to Swords, to walk with their Hats under their Arms, as 'tis for Attorneys Clerks to buy a Sword betwixt two of 'em.*

The States of Holland *having desired the favour of Mrs.* Crackenthorpe*'s Picture, she designs to sit speedily, and desires Mr.* Richardson *to let her know when he's best at leisure. The Posture she is to be in has been the subject of very Learned Debates. This Lady says, That being a studious person, she should lie on a Couch, with one Leg dangling off. Another Lady would have her walking in a solitary Grove. A third, as rising from her Chair to receive Company; and a West-Country Lady advis'd her to be smoaking a Pipe of Tobacco. As she was in fifty minds who should draw it, she is now in fifty more how it shall be drawn; and when 'tis finished perhaps it must be as many times alter'd before it pleases her.*

Mrs. Crackenthorpe *gives her service to the Reverend and Learned Gentlemen of the Law; and now Business is over, would be glad to see them at her Drawing-room.*

†† *Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *thinks it very ridiculous for my Lady* Fulmoon. *who is so extream fat, to dance Minuets in publick.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

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